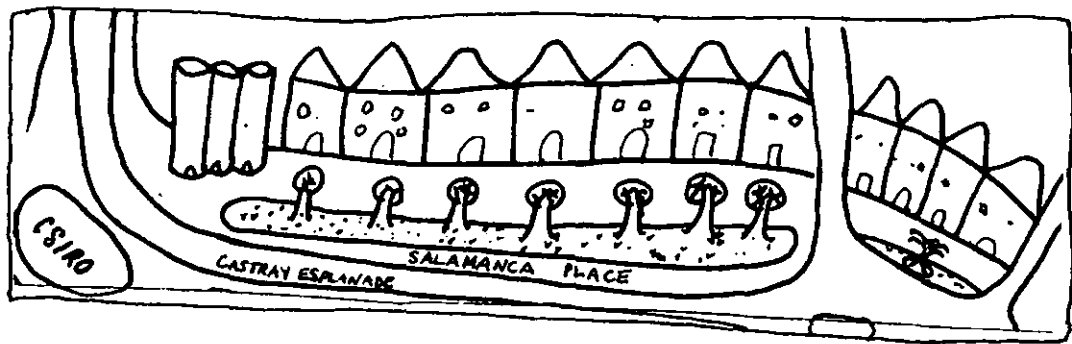


Loitering with Intent:

a cultural geography of Sullivans Cove



by

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Batchelor of Education

*A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the
degree of postgraduate in Environmental Studies (Honours)*

*The School of Geography and Environmental Studies
The University of Tasmania
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Statement of Authenticity

This thesis contains no material which has been accepted for the award of any other higher degree or graduate diploma in any tertiary institution. To the best of my knowledge and belief, this thesis contains no material previously published or written by another person, except when due reference is made in the text of the thesis.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Pafitis', with a large, stylized initial 'P'.

Anna Pafitis

22 November 2002

Abstract

This is a study that is drawn from the discipline of cultural geography.

It explores the proposition that conviviality in public spaces contributes to a civil society, and seeks to identify the physical qualities and characteristics of a place that contribute to convivial activity. I have chosen to study conviviality in the spaces of Sullivans Cove on the waterfront of the capital city of Hobart, Tasmania, a landscape that in the last decade or more has undergone a transformation from a neglected working port to a centre of social and civic activity.

I have adopted the character of a flâneuse to take the reader through a journey of Sullivans Cove, and in so doing uncover real life activities that support the propositions that I have chosen to investigate. Flâneuses are traditionally known as observers and loiterers of public spaces. The idea of the flâneuse is used as a device in this study by which the urban landscape can be narrativised. Observing the public sphere with a flâneuse raises questions about the aesthetic experiences of public spaces and the possibilities that these spaces hold for citizenship.

This research revealed that conviviality has the potential to contribute to a civil society. For conviviality to prosper it requires a place that is both physically and psychologically safe, this is achieved through fulfilling conditions that encourage a diversity of people and activity into an area.

Acknowledgements

This period of study will be remembered for the guidance, friendship and mentoring of my supervisor Dr. Elaine Stratford. I know I have been fortunate to be her student.

I offer thanks to my daughters, Alex and Sophia, and my partner Duncan for the reality of daily life that they provided during this period of self-absorption. I am grateful for the advice from my friend Greg, and the company provided by my dogs during this sometimes long and lonely struggle.

I would like also to acknowledge the original author of *Loitering with Intent: From Arcadia to the arcades*, Simon Pugh, who examined the unfinished work of the legendary flâneur Walter Benjamin.

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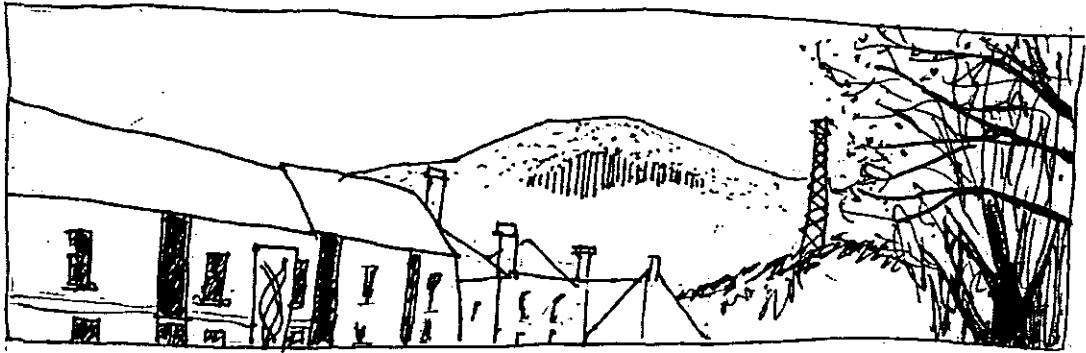
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Chapter 1

In the rain



Signs of life: an introduction to Salamanca Place

Follow me.

You'll need a coat. Chilled winds funnel down this street from the southern oceans behind us. The mountain usually sits above the sandstone buildings in the other direction but it is not there today. It is a different landscape without our mountain; it is a loss in fact. The colours of the street are more brilliant today. The soaking rain has changed the stone of the buildings and the cobbles on the road. They are a deeper palette than we are normally accustomed to. It is nice.

Ian Lang stares out of the boardroom window of the Arts Centre. No doubt he is content following the success of his two productions the week before. It must be time for him now to linger in the memory of the ecstatic faces of the audience ... and smile.

It is unlike many lunch hours in Salamanca today. The car park is more empty than full. The umbrellas are up but no one sits beneath them. The rain drenches the canvas as heavy drips fall onto the chairs below. I don't think anyone will be sitting on the chairs today.

Jim Wright is walking up the street, head bowed, to shield him from the rain. I always see Jim Wright in Salamanca. Morning, night or day, it seems inevitable that he will be here, somewhere. Always alone and always wearing his yellow jacket. He slips into the entrance of the Arts Centre to disappear into his studio no doubt. For years he has had a studio but no one has ever seen his work. I wonder about him.

A young man with blue triangular inserts in his beige cord flares emerges from Kellys Lane carrying an aqua chair above his head. He too disappears into the cave-like entrance of the Art Centre alcoves.

It would be easy to consider Salamanca Arts Centre (SAC) today as just another component of the street known as Salamanca Place. I know these buildings, these spaces and the memories they hold, from a time before the reincarnation of space you see today. Some of us remember when the Arts Centre was the only centre of life on this waterfront. Before the advent of those first chairs and tables on the footpath heralding the bombardment of the café society this was a place only for the foolhardy or fringe dwellers.

Whilst a student at Hobart College a strange man with a pointed nose would come and sit on the grass amongst us and talk to himself, aloud, in contemplative tones. Bill Nielsen, was also the Premier some 10 years earlier. Described as a visionary and eccentric, he bought the buildings in 1974, whilst he was Premier, on behalf of the State Government, without seeking approval from Parliament first. It is claimed that he could not bear to see them sold to the wealthy Councillor Barrie Fischer who had already purchased half of the real estate around the Hobart waterfront (Aird, pers. comm. August, 2002). Within the vacant warehouses Nielsen established a Community and Arts Centre which included tenants such as the Unemployed Workers Union, the Tenants Union and the Craft Council. In 1986 it was re-structured purely as an Arts Centre.

At the time the Centre was a source of excitement for the artistic community whose members had not experienced much before in the way of formal acknowledgement from the powers of government. This gift to the artists did not seem to raise any objection from the public; the three warehouses were merely part of a series of vacant sandstone buildings in an industrial area of the waterfront that still functioned as a working port. The Cook Report of the late 1940s had recommended they be demolished in preparation for the rejuvenation of the area but it was an expensive aspiration that we could not then afford.

The limited administration at SAC meant that the artists themselves took ownership of the vacant warehouses. They scrubbed the sticky molasses off the floor of the Long Gallery and collected the apple labels left abandoned in the lofts, building infrastructure for artists and live theatre. Music and writing festivals on the waterfront, the likes of which had never been seen before, attracted attention from all corners of the island and beyond. Busses filled with gay party revellers would flock in for the events. People from other states, excited by such festivities in conjunction with the surging Green political movement came down to watch and stayed (Hind, pers. comm. September 2002). Having established a presence as the bohemians of urban life more and more people gravitated toward them to engage in similar bohemian activities. It was a vigorous period for “experimenting with lifestyles, art and ideas and pushing the edges of acceptability” (Moore 1999: 173).

And so Salamanca began to change. It would be incomplete however if I did not account for another parallel event that signalled the beginning of change during this period at this place – the University Art School. In 1986 a collection of enthusiastic architects contributed to the conversion of the old jam factory at Hunter Street across the pier from Salamanca. The School received much recognition for its clever architectural solutions but the local planners were unprepared for the social changes that this population of artists would bring to Sullivans Cove.

A community of conviviality began to emerge. The Tasmanian Puppet Theatre Company began conducting markets on Saturday mornings (SAC Development Statement 1986) to raise funds for its continued existence. Knopwoods, the local pub on the corner, became the central meeting place, whilst Salamanca Fruit market and the Parthenon take-away shop, provided convenient venues for cheap food (Hind, pers. comm. September 2002). Businesses and enterprises grew in the street to meet the initial demands of the artists and many visitors began to flock to the area to share the growing vigour they began to detect. The following decade was a giddy whirlwind of development and activity that shifted the nature of this street from an eclectic and often shabby community of culturephiles to a sophisticated middle class retail and café hot spot. Whilst some of us may lament the changes from a space that was exclusively 'our own' Sullivans Cove is now a place that many come to immerse themselves in convivial and social activity.

The most important factor that accelerated interest and attraction in this area was the Saturday morning market. The tradition that began modestly with The Tasmanian Puppet Theatre Company selling second hand clothes in the foyer of the Arts Centre grew into an eclectic group of street stalls selling mostly crafts and fresh produce. The energy and diversity of people that these markets began to attract invited growing interest from a range of stallholders including the Hobart City Council which took it over as a successful financial venture. As well as contributing to this town's financial capital the market has been a consistent generator of social activity and a catalyst to the success of this area.

Historians suggest that wherever artists go they have the ability to transform a place by their very being. Moore (1999: 173) confirms that many bohemians have been in the "forefront of aesthetic or intellectual influence". It would seem the energy that they engender and the aesthetic alterations that they make to the landscape they inhabit attracts interest beyond the marginal fringes. Affluent trend seekers from traditionally suburban neighbourhoods excitedly seize these environments for the break that they present from popular culture and quickly re-make them into exactly

that. Such gentrification of areas that were once artist inhabited slums have been seen more recently in Australia through the transformation of the Rocks and Darlinghurst in Sydney. In the early 1990s it started to happen in Sullivan Cove.

Bill Nielsen, the strange figure on my college lawns, granted me a space within which I could begin to grow the person I aspired to be. I am today a creature that has emerged from the “underworld of those marginals” (Wilson 1995: 61) that once inhabited the spaces of the artists lofts. My space has grown into an expansive place that I traverse both day and night. In this work I am the shadowy figure who will take you on a journey through the labyrinth of these streets, brush you against strangers and immerse you in the landscape that is my own.

It is my habit to wander these streets without purpose; my days are without any measurement of time. Melancholy is my predominant tone, sadness at the loss of the space that I knew. I observe today’s terrain with idle curiosity. This ‘urban spectacle’ is now the ‘raw material’ (Wilson 1995: 62) that feeds my palette of experience. I am an artist who does not paint. I am the blank page upon which the streets write themselves. (Wilson 1995: 68) I loiter at my leisure, “often indecisive and unsure of where to go” (White 2001: 47). My commitments are none except to ‘bathe in the crowds’ (Featherstone 1998: 913) and experience the urban pulse. You will find me in the cafes, on the street, the park benches and in the corners of the unexpected. I am both a central actor and invisible.

I am a flâneuse, a loiterer and observer of the public sphere.

Follow me.

My mother and father incubated my role as a flâneuse. In my own home, the home of an immigrant family, talk was limited and the existence beyond the front door was foreign and to be feared. For my mother our home was her only source of power in an otherwise Anglo alien culture. My experience however was typical of one described

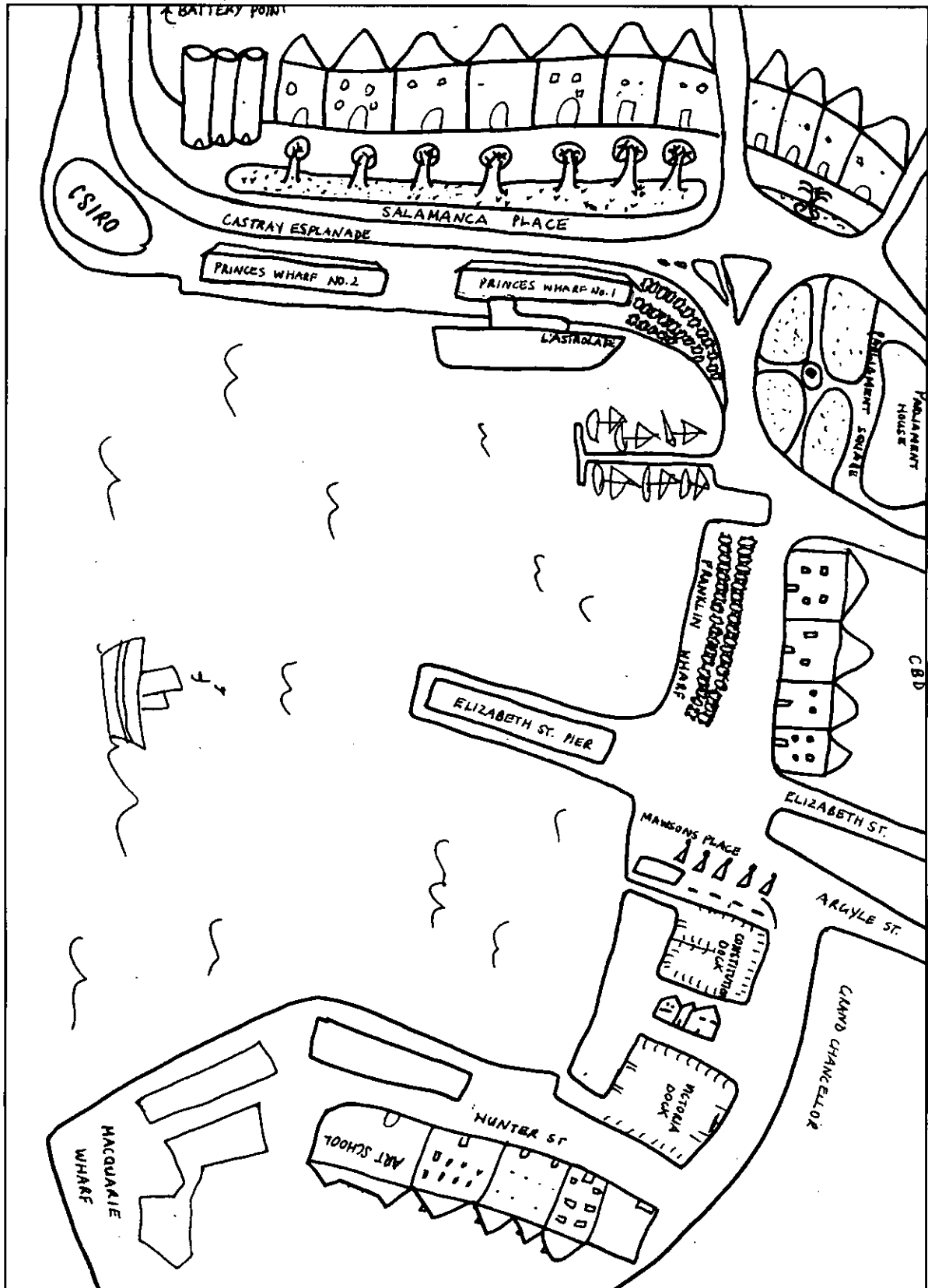
by early feminist urban analysts who describe the process of suburbanisation as 'controlling', separating me from societal contacts and reinforcing a domestic position (Thompson: 1994). Both my parents restricted my connection to the outside world. In turn this restriction served to make the allure and mystery of the unknown even greater. The street was one of the few places that I could inhabit that allowed me glimpses of the life I was not allowed to live. The opportunity to be on the street provided me with the possibility of an illicit yet desired experience - a chance encounter with a stranger, a wolf whistle from a passing car, a sneak view into the windows of normal peoples homes and lives. The street was my interface to another world. It was a stage upon which I tested my identity and made observations of others.

Conviviality: my interest

The interest and allure of human activity in public space made manifest within my psyche has urged me to investigate this further in the writing of this thesis. It is my intention to investigate conviviality in public spaces and how it contributes to a civil society. The study will also extend to the identification of the physical qualities and characteristics of a space that are conducive to bringing people together for convivial and social activities. Observations of conviviality require an exploration of specifically public space but this study also extends to the interface of private spaces with public.

The context for this research will be from my own town of Hobart, an area, called Sullivans Cove (Figure 1.1). With my reader as my companion, I will journey from Salamanca Place to Mawson Place observing the movements, activities, patterns, moods and memories of this landscape.

Figure 1.1 *A flâneuse's map of Sullivans Cove*



The purpose of this work is to confirm public space as a place whereby a civil society can be fostered and preserved through convivial and social behaviour. I have drawn the concept of a civil society from Habermas' (1989) public sphere; that is, a society where social and individual identities are reproduced through a range of social practices and where relations between different race, gender, class and age groups are negotiated for a tolerant and diverse society (Hubbard, Kitchin, Bartley and Fuller, 2002)

I have taken Lisa Peattie's extended definition of conviviality as a guide for the sort of behaviour I am seeking to identify in public space. Peattie (1998) drew on Ivan Illich's definition of conviviality as "autonomous and creative intercourse among persons with their environment; and this in contrast with the conditioned responses of persons to the demand made upon them by others and by a man-made environment" (1973:11). Illich, like Foucault, warned us that the power and freedom of the individual are being eroded by the transnationals which, in dominating our urban landscapes, are able to secure control of our behaviour and patterns: "what is right comes to be subordinate to what is good for institutions" (Illich 1973: 12). Illich encouraged conviviality as a means through which innovation and independent thought could be fostered, thus resisting the domination of the controlling elite.

Peattie claims that Illich's contribution to the definition of conviviality was in recognition of the sociable pleasure that is experienced through many kinds of purposeful activities and the importance of this in the ways in which people together re-make the world. She claims that conviviality in this broad sense is represented not only by cheerful activities like singing in pubs or street dancing, but also by the small group rituals and social bonding in serious collective action, from neighbourhood clean ups to civil disobedience. For her "the term conviviality points to the social energy in all sorts of small or dissenting manifestations"(Peattie 1998: 247). In this description conviviality is an integral component of the "cultural politics of everyday life" (Hubbard et al. 2002: 197) that contributes to a civil and civic society.

There is nothing new in the understanding that public space is a vehicle through which political views may be expressed; however I am proposing that our society has not been broad enough in our understanding of what activities may constitute democratic value and thus what space is valuable in fostering that. The definition of conviviality, as proposed by Peattie (1998), extends current thinking on what constitutes civil activity. I would like to explore further the spaces that such activity happens within. I have chosen Sullivans Cove because it already has a culture of convivial activity. As flâneuse I will observe the practices of the people and speculate about the physical characteristics of this place that have contributed to the activity of conviviality.

The flâneuse

A flâneuse is a feminine equivalent of a flâneur. These predominantly male characters came to prominence in Paris in the 1850s in reaction to the significant changes in the urban environment at that time. Without the constraints of poverty or time, the flâneur literally loitered and frittered away the day shopping and crowd watching in the proliferation of public spaces of pleasure and interests that had been created. Their experiences were extreme, often delving into the corners of underworld life or gossiping in cafes or establishments frequented specifically by artists, actors and writers.

Flâneurs, were perhaps the original modern cultural geographers, observing the landscape in a given place and time. They are perfect devices through which historical change can be narrativised and thus key figures in the critical literature of modernity and urbanisation. To observe the public sphere as a flâneur raises a number of questions about the nature of public life, about the aesthetic experience of public spaces, and about the possibilities that these spaces hold for citizenship. As well as being a vehicle of social and aesthetic observation it is evident in the work of real-life flâneurs such as Walter Benjamin that the city is a device by which to develop images

of the city as the polis, "as the home of citizenship and democratic participation" (Featherstone 1998: 911). It is for this reason that I have adopted such a persona as the vehicle through which to narrate my observations and stories of the landscape of Sullivans Cove. This technique has required a study of the flâneuse, in the same way that actors may research their characters. The challenge has been to identify the patterns and nuances of the flâneuse so that they can be portrayed authentically in the journey through the landscape of Sullivans Cove whilst fulfilling the requirements of a dissertation in the discipline of cultural geography.

Ross King (1996:212) claims that the "idea of the flâneuse was impossible" because of the danger the city posed to 'respectable' women. In the period of the 1800s the city was presented as a place of sexual danger and adventure for women. Planners attempted to rein in the menace of female sexuality through regulation of women's access to urban, public space (Wilson 1991). In this respect this thesis is an attempt to assert the role of the flâneuse as a valid and valuable agent of the urban landscape.

Understanding cultural geography

"Cultural geography is a vital and vigorous sub-discipline of geography" (Stratford 1999: 1). It is difficult to define specifically what a cultural geographer does; however the one distinguishing feature of most cultural geographies is the "concern with meaning in everyday life." (J.M. Jacobs 1999: 13) For most this task more specifically requires the geographer to examine the relationship between people and spaces and the "performances that enact their connections." (Anderson, Gale 1992: 215) In keeping with the postmodern tradition of cultural geography this form of geography is viewed as an ongoing process and one that is constantly being reproduced and changed. It informs us essentially of "how we come to constitute ourselves, each other and our worlds" (Stratford 1999: 4). In coming to understand our "ways of seeing and ways of being" in this world we are better placed to question why and how we participate in the world the way we do and thus uncover the values

and moral codes which structure the way the world is seen and understood in an everyday sense (Anderson, Gale 1999: 216).

In order to understand more fully the meanings of place and the contexts of everyday life cultural geographers are required to move beyond formalised interactions for the purpose of collecting data. Mel Evans (1998) suggests that the formal structure of interviews often removes the researcher from the 'flow' of everyday life in both time and space. For this reason participant observation lends itself to developing an understanding through being part of the spontaneity of everyday interactions. Participant observation is the systematic and intentional character of observations that requires strategically placing oneself in situations in which systemic understandings of place are most likely to arise (Hay, I.: 2000). The success of this approach depends upon "introspection on the part of the researcher with respect to his or her relationship to what is to be researched" (Evans 1998: 197).

The process by which people construct their understanding or knowledge of the world is an inherently geographic concern. The scientific production of knowledge that is deemed to be rational, objective and value free has been challenged by those who argue that knowledge is not 'out there' to be collected but instead is made by "actors who are situated within particular contexts. As such knowledge production is not a neutral or objective activity but is constructed, partial, situated and positioned" (Hubbard et al. 2002: 8). Donna Haraway (1991: 8) suggests that "all forms of knowledge are social constructions" shaped by a host of influences ranging from personal beliefs to institutional pressures, individual lifestyles and political affiliations. Constructivism is elaborated by geographers with an interest in understanding how our bodies impinge on the way we theorise and represent other bodies. Stratford (1997) uses the term 'memory work' to explain the function of a body as a site of remembrance. "The body is central to how we experience, conceptualise and negotiate the sites and terrains that comprise (our living in) the world" (1997: 215). Memory work is a method by which we examine how we are socialised in and through our bodies so we can better understand the way we

experience and construct our worlds. Bachelard (1969: 7) uses the term 'topoanalysis' for the "psychological study of the sites of our intimate lives" that are stored in our memory. If memory is a medium through which we interpret our experience in the lived world it would seem appropriate for researchers to reveal the life experiences that they bring to their research.

Method

For this work I have undertaken the research role of participant-as-observer (seeking to understand social changes in one's own locality). My observations are interpreted specifically from the context of my culture, history, gender and memories, the details of which are revealed in part over the course of the study, under the guise of the character of the flâneuse. I purposely shift between the voice of the author and the flâneuse to unsettle the reader from the suggestion that they are distinctly different characters. Beyond my immediate interaction and reaction in the spaces of Sullivans Cove the observations are intended also to inform the reader about details of this town that are not explicitly outlined. The patterns on the streets and the habits of the people should provide some insights into the culture, economy and social climate of this place. The significance of this approach is the provision of a broader society in which the actions of the local actors can be placed.

The fieldwork for this study required an immersion in Sullivans Cove in order to record observations to better understand the means by which people operate in this landscape. My fieldnotes were a personal text to which I would refer and analyse. Described appropriately by Jean Jackson (Hay, I.: 2000) as "ideas that are marinating" the fieldnotes "represent the process of transforming observed interaction into written communication" (Hay I.: 2000: 118). Interpreting the data required exploring the existence of many truths in relation to the structures of power that exist in this area and the organization of people in relation to those structures. This method

requires a mode of interpretation that seeks to understand the meanings of actions from the point of view of the actors themselves.

The observations were conducted during different periods of the day, specifically mid mornings, lunches, early evenings and late nights, on both week days and week ends, and in a range of weather through the middle of winter. The observations were conducted from Salamanca Place across Sullivans Cove and as far as Mawson Place. More specifically, I began at the top end of Salamanca Place, north of the Silos, I proceeded as far as Gladstone Street, into Parliament House gardens, across the road to Franklin Wharf, past the Elizabeth Street Pier and completed my studies in Mawson Place (Appendix 1).

Georges Perec (1997: 50) provides some insight into the patterns of collecting data from observations:

Observe the street, from time to time, with some concern for system perhaps.

Apply yourself. Take your time.

Note down the place: the terrace of a café near the junction of
the Rue de Bac and the Boulevard
Saint-Germain

the time: seven o'clock in the evening

the date: 15 May 1973

the weather: set fair

Note down your what you can see. Anything worthy of note going on?

Do you know how to see what's worthy of note? Is there anything that strikes you?

Nothing strikes you. You don't know how to see.

You must set about it more slowly, almost stupidly. Force yourself to write down what is of no interest, what is most obvious, most common, most colourless.

In asserting that this study is imbued with my own constructs of reality I confirm that the task of data collection and analysis is derived from what is known as an interpretative tradition (J.M. Jacobs 1999: 12). In the discipline of cultural geography this tradition is based most typically on qualitative methods. The predominant means by which data were collected for this study was through the observation of everyday practices and actions of the people in Sullivan Cove. Jane M. Jacobs (1999: 17) describes these as 'performative sources'. These forms of data are consistent with the characteristics of a flâneuse who, through a discourse of everyday living and popular culture, "reports on the characteristics of practices as they actually happen; the way people dress, the way people use the space, the way they interact as a group and with others outside the group" (J.M. Jacobs 1999: 12).

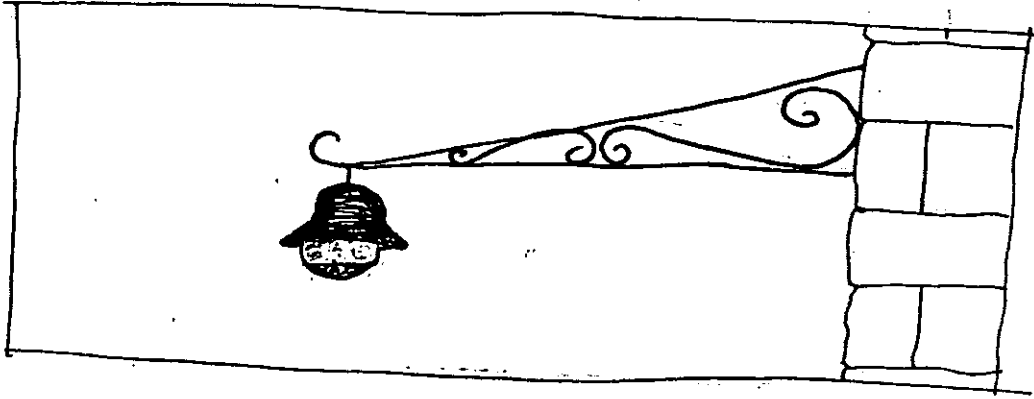
Included in the method of data collection were two interviews with characters central to the history of the area in the period of the late 1970s and early 1980s that I have chosen to background. One is a political figure who was appointed as a board member to the Arts Centre during its early inception and was given an administrative position for some time after this role. The other is a practicing artist in the centre who was one of the first to move into the studios and develop the infrastructure that exists today. He is also part owner of Retro café. I conducted e-mail communication with the Production and Events manager in the Hobart City Council to obtain figures relating to attendances and turn over for the Taste of Tasmania. The questions and discussions centred on their memories and experiences of the Centres formation. Anderson and Gale (1992: 13) confirm that for the cultural geographer "a range of techniques is appropriate, and often several may be used in concert to unveil the connections between subjective worlds and objective cartographies".

Coming to understand and know the cultural geography of one place can help the observer better understand others. In a society that continues to be dominated by a preoccupation with financial capital it is intended that this research will confirm the necessity of social capital and the means by which public spaces act as a vehicle for the facilitation of such activities. In turn I will touch on how conviviality has the potential to contribute to a "profitable economic environment" (Peattie 1998: 250) that can in fact engender the sort of social capital for which I am advocating.

In attempting to identify the physical characteristics that make these spaces successful - that is, by promoting conviviality - I hope to inform future planning of our public spaces for a more civil society through roles of advocacy and information sharing with established networks in my community.

Chapter 2

In the Dark



The stage of the street

Streets were the stage of my youth and exploration. There were several of them. They were the streets of my neighbourhood, the streets to my friends' houses, the busy street from my inner city school to the bus stop. These were the streets I was allowed to traverse. They were literally and metaphorically the "symbols and images of an active, varied life" (Consuelo, vol.11: 116 in Bachelard 1969: 11). Without them my connection and engagement to a life outside my family home was severed. Today I choose my own streets yet the one I continue to frequent is the cobbled street of Salamanca.

Georges Perec (1997: 46) describes the street as "a space bordered, generally on its two longest sides by houses; the street is what separates houses from each other, and also what enables us to get from one house to another, by going either along or across the street". This simple depiction of the street however does not account for the dual role of streets as complex social spaces (Rofe 1995: 120) This is captured best by Jane Jacobs: "lowly, unpurposeful and random as they may appear, sidewalk contacts are the small change from which a city's wealth of public life may grow" (Jacobs 1961: 56).

“Streets assume social functions precisely because they concentrate and channel movement, and because they integrate local and non-local movement in the same space” (Rofe: 1995: 120). Their intertwined paths “weave places together” (de Certeau 1984: 97) providing a pulse of life through the pedestrian movement that beats through the arteries and veins of the city. Within this pulse there are many random and purposeful activities of connection and exchange. There are opportunities for a chat at the bus stop, a smile at a stranger, a discussion with a neighbour. Small actions that could be dismissed as insignificant can serve to make one feel comforted and connected within their environment. It is these exchanges that contribute to the energy and life of a city. Without this energy the heart of the city still beats but it is moribund.

I return to the street of Salamanca because the opportunity for convivial encounters amongst the people who walk the streets or sit in the cafes is always greatest in this place. Others too recognise the energy and come to experience it. Unlike many quiet streets of Hobart, Salamanca is a node, a point of concentration that serves as a meeting place (Lynch 1960). There are many loiterers, just like me, awaiting an encounter with a friend, or even a stranger.

Whilst an encounter with a ‘stranger’ is possibly a naively desirable experience, Elisabeth Wilson (1997: 134) warns that strangers in urban cultures are key figures and encounters between them will not always be friendly. The appearance of a stranger will often threaten the existing order in an established town or community and occasionally chaos will follow as a consequence (Robins 1995). In this context strangers provide us with opportunities to practice our roles as civil citizens in egalitarian communities; they challenge us to accept diversity and recognise our common humanity. These qualities, as described by Eva Cox, are the foundations of a civil society that is rich in social capital (1995: 56). Robins persuasively claims that strangers need not be an element of fear and can in fact provide an opportunity “to work through hostility and to arrive at creative and dialectic change” (1995: 134). In

my own experience strangers have always provided me with an opportunity to learn more about myself and the places which I inhabit and I will continue to seek out these experiences. For members of the wider community their reception of a stranger is a barometer of their own patterns for tolerance.

Searching for strangers

I return to the street in search of strangers:

The bells from the cathedral are ringing. Cars jostle through the street, their drivers looking for parks. The bells continue to ring. People move quickly from one point to another, braced by the cold winds that gust through the street. No one seems to notice the bells ringing. I didn't know the bells of the cathedral ring on Friday nights. Tonight they are an appropriate accompaniment to a dusky foreboding sky framed by the bare branches of winter trees.

An orange glow washes over Irish Murphy's pub on the corner. The large ornate wrought iron lamp from where the orange light emanates suggests it has been there for many years witnessing the range of behaviours that follow a few beers. There are only a couple of tables with people sitting under the prominent black umbrellas tonight. The barred convict window has a warm glow radiating to the outside. I can't see them but I know there are many figures sitting around the bar inside:

Next door in Zum café there are a couple looking out the small window, talking and sipping coffee. The staff would be packing the left-over bread into a bag, sharing amongst them what is left. Above Zum, on the top floor, Patrick drops the wooden venetians to the windows of his lofty abode. Guy sits in profile by the window on the floor below, identifiable in the dim light only by his ponytail. He has two companions sitting talking to him, silhouetted in the other windows.

There is a queue of cars now between Montpelier Retreat and Gladstone Place. Taxis form another layer of congestion, their drivers loitering, looking for their next customer. The heavy beat of the music booming from Knopwoods pub sets a busy pace to the hectic scene. The bells must have stopped but I did not notice when. The well lit newsagency is busy with activity. Lights begin to turn off in the offices above. The cold, the cold, it is too cold.

I move tonight with a destination in mind. Past the dim light in Retro café signalling the close of day we cross the road to Knopwoods. The green lights glowing over the building are not evident when you are under their canopy of umbrellas and lingering amongst the crowds. It is not crowded tonight; a gathering would be more appropriate. On summer nights the people spill out to the other side of the road, tonight the semi-professional, male dominated, crowd is sparse and huddled around the outdoor gas heaters. There are faces that are always familiar in small towns like this, but no face for me to talk to tonight.

I'm not close yet, I need to keep moving. Charlie Chaplin, a regular outside Salamanca Fruit market on a busy Friday night is not here this evening; too cold even for the buskers maybe. The groups of people crossing the road towards us from Princes Wharf remind me that it is still early in the evening. The fairy lights in the row of pom-pom trees never disappoint me. Scurrying past occasional figures in black coats I see much activity in the kitchen through the window of Maldinis restaurant. A few doors up there is a Greek middle aged man with a burgeoning tummy, bent over the sink washing dishes in the kitchen of the souvlaki bar.

Turning the corner into Woobys Lane there is an immediate sense of activity as people spill out of the entrance into the square of the Arts Centre. I enter the alcove and I catch my breath at the sight ahead. The alcove opens to an outdoor square, the old sandstone walls are hosting within them a microcosm of life, of music, discussion, laughter, dancing and celebration. I dawdle before I face the crowd that presents as both exciting and intimidating. I see John sitting alone in the entrance, just

across the passage from his framing shop. He greets me warmly as he always does and tells me about the photographic exhibition opening in Despard Gallery tonight and the launching of a new book shop, *Bookamore*, in Bidentopes Lane. The evening may be longer than anticipated, I feel energised by this exchange. I am propelled to immerse myself in the crowd and see what else comes next.

The sound of clarinet from the live band creates a bounce in the crowd that has filled the entirety of the square. I jostle through, smiling at the fat man wearing a gold sequinned suit. The makeshift bar is obscured by people. Brendan and Maryann are talking with others around the edge of the square, I don't want to talk to them right now. I squeeze past the crowd standing around the brazier and sit next to the pond to absorb the spectacle. It is strange - I note how the coldness has evaporated in the magic of this space.

The six piece band playing hip-hop funk (led by Dan Magnus who will be selling plants at the market tomorrow morning) has united an eclectic group of people in dance and in conversation. Young children, a dog, a couple in bright polar fleece and a bearded feral, barefoot and dressed in a sleeveless gold wrap-around dress are all sharing the dance space in front of the band. They are joined by a feline young male who quickly sheds his knitted beanie and jacket to continue his urban groove.

I glance toward the women sitting on my left. One of them is nursing a newborn baby wrapped in a large electric blue shawl. I scope the fashion of the crowd and smile. There are suits, gothics, leopard skin coats, dread locks, spikes, tartan skirts, felt hats, lamiae suits and a lot of orange and purple. It is the urban fringe. They are aged between 20 and 50 and they all look happy. A young man dancing with his dog stops to give it a pat. I am happy here...

Safe to be me

Within this square crammed with people there were acquaintances from my many layers of lives that I could approach for a light hearted exchange but it is the anonymity I often prefer. The opportunity to create myself with strangers opens possibilities of connections and adventures that have the potential of taking me beyond the perceived reality of my today. It may be a brief journey into the space of another mind or a friendship forged on ideologies and common passions. The brazen attitude with which I plot to connect into the lives of others in the space of this square is granted to me by one precondition, the safety of the space.

Whether real or imaginary fear prevents people from spending time in public places. People often scuttle from place to place viewing the space in between as somewhere to get out of as quickly as possible. The act of loitering, the very behaviour by which patterns of conviviality can be established, is made unavailable by the presence of fear for one's safety. The fear associated with being in the street is reinforced by legislation that describes loitering as a summary offence (Criminal Code Act 1924, Tasmania). The consequences of this fear are not just damaging to the individual but also to the entire street or district to which this fear has permeated. The quality or characteristics that make a space safe are vital components to conviviality.

Jane Jacobs (1961) claims that the quality of a street that makes it safe is that it is well used. The safety of streets works best when people are using and enjoying them voluntarily. In comparison a deserted street can feel unsafe even if it is not. Jacobs (1961: 30) writes "the bedrock attitude of a successful city is that a person must feel safe and secure on the street among all these strangers".

Jacobs is considered a pioneer of theory in urban rejuvenation and successful cities after writing about these issues in her book *The Rise and Fall of Great American Cities*, published in 1961. Jacobs could be considered one of the greatest cultural geographers; with no formal training in either planning or architecture she observed

the patterns of the city and its inhabitants, and made a range of recommendations that continue to be influential. She was preoccupied with identifying the characteristics that made a city successful. Whilst her observations were specifically of big cities, it would appear that her recommendations apply appropriately to the area of Salamanca Place which is only one street with some interconnected lanes and side streets.

Salamanca has a collection of establishments, both private and public, many of which are inhabited through the day and night because of the predominance of restaurants (some with their own bakeries), bars, theatre and residences. It is this twenty-four hour activity that encourages people onto the street and provides surveillance on the sidewalk. It is the comfort of this surveillance that affords people the freedom to engage in convivial behaviour and it is precisely that same convivial behaviour that makes the sidewalks safe.

Beyond the eyes of the street, watching over surrounding movement, there is another essential component that contributes to its safety, this is found in the public characters of sidewalk life. Jacobs (1961: 68) describes a public character as "anyone who is in frequent contact with a wide circle of people and who is sufficiently interested to make him/herself a public character". Salamanca has bred many characters through its various transformations and they line the street, each representative of the different histories of this area. There is often little similarity amongst them but there is an acknowledgement of the 'community' they have in common in the form of this street. It is no coincidence that I can call the people by their names as I watch them and perhaps tell you of their partners or habits. At any time these characters have been my customers, my companions, my political enemy and my friends. We know each others' histories, families and ideologies. We form a neighbourhood.

Whether this familiarity is welcome or not, the constant presence of these characters contributes to a pattern of social activity that is constant in this area. These apparently insignificant contacts include stopping at Knopwoods for a beer, getting advice from the people in the newsagency, nodding hello to the children playing by the fountain

or comparing opinions with other customer at the bakery. Whilst individually these actions seem ostensibly trivial, their sum is not trivial at all. The totality of these patterns is a “web of public respect and trust and a resource in time of personal or neighbourhood need.”(Jacobs 1961: 56). It is the establishment of this trust that contributes in a physical sense to the safety of this street and also to a sense of psychological safety, a safety of support.

In her book, *A Truly Civil Society*, Cox (1995) defines social capital as the collective term which binds us as a society and community. She claims that the qualities required of a community to be rich in social capital are trust, reciprocity and mutuality. We lose trust when we do not feel safe enough to “use public transport, to walk the streets, or talk to stranger” (1995: 11). Physical safety is not enough. Psychological safety is required if people are going to propose new ideas and express dissident views. Such generalised trust creates environments for us to operate in as members of a civil society and as civic citizens, initiating change where we view it necessary and where democratic processes deem it appropriate. It is the trust which grows from the safety of the street that fosters crucial convivial exchanges, and it is these patterns of conviviality that, in turn, contributes to the creation of environments that foster a civil society.

Chapter 3

Taking Shelter



Looking for lunch

Such strange theatre in the skies today! The drenching rain has vanished in an instant and heralded the arrival of a blinding sun. Umbrellas down and sunglasses out. The pace of the occasional person on the street suddenly slows, other characters scurry with relief from doorways. Today there are not the usual obstructions of signs on the footpath today to be dodged.

I stare down the street in search of the mountain, still lost. I am entranced by the dazzle of the green grass that lines the other side of the cobbled street. It is fluorescent in the sun. The plane trees that accompany the grass in a uniform row down the street present their large trunks of mottled greys, greens and blues like the legs of some prehistoric animal. The combination of rain and sun has served to accentuate these otherwise nondescript features. I love the pom-poms that hang from the winter branches.

Bill Howroyd looks like some aged Bauhaus artist in his beret, white beard and black leather jacket tugging his pot tummy. He feeds the metre some money for his car and crosses over to Handmark Gallery, maybe to pick up his wife Pat and take her to lunch.

My own options for lunch seem plentiful. I cross the road into an arcade and into the rabbit warren of shops and corners. The colours of the glassware, hand knitted garments and silk scarves seem so much more intense today with the sky closing to grey behind me. The man in the glassware shop reads whilst perched on a stool, the ladies in the wool and silk shops knit intently. There is a group of young teenage girls, a school group I think, talking excitedly over the top of each other in the passage; they're counting their money in preparation for the fairy shop.

The second hand bookshop in the corner of the arcade fulfils all the criteria for success. Beyond the organised chaos at the front door I walk into a tiny space that is crammed from floor to ceiling with books that are organised into many impressionable categories. There are a number of corners into which you can bury and skim the books you desire. Two corners are already occupied today. An elderly gentleman is scanning the Ancient Civilisations section while a woman flicks through children's books.

In the opposite corner of the arcade, with a view to the courtyard beyond, I see a second hand clothing shop with the original façade dating back to a period that is not even familiar to me. The bewigged, aged owner has shrunk over the years in stature but not in glamour. She is wearing her bright red lipstick talking excitedly to a browsing customer who is sorting through the mix of daggy and retro clothes that she keeps. Her 1940s ball gowns are my favourite.

Having finished flicking through the second hand two dollar clothes rack I cross the courtyard, come out at Woobys Lane and head up towards Salamanca Square. Maros'

'reduced to clear' clothes rack has starting prices of sixty dollars. There is no one in this shop today.

I wander out of the children's favourite games shop, Socrates, past a series of restaurants, consistent only in the mandatory blue and yellow awnings that hang above the shop facades and into the jewellery shop at the end. I interrupt an awkward discussion between the owners. I walk out again quickly, ignore the Antarctic Centre and stride across to the other side of the square. More cafés and bars are serving lunch, to my surprise there is a smattering of people in each establishment. The rain has not kept everyone away. The sense of stillness and inactivity outdoors is not indicative of the action inside.

Reluctantly I return a new garden book to the shelf and drag myself out of the Hobart Bookshop. I stare across the square and remember the russet glow that emanated from the red walls of Sugo on Saturday night when I passed through. I contemplate how I feel about red for some time and then, tempted in by the zucchini and dill soup on their blackboard, I walk in. The warmth and smells are comforting as the rain crosses over the landscape outside.

It is not empty, but not full. Two couples by the window leave as I settle in but a few other groups are spread across the dramatic contemporary red room. Most of the noise is coming from a large group of smartly dressed women from the back of the restaurant. Lunching mothers I suspect. A man slips back into the restaurant after leaving his table to purchase a bottle of wine. A bottle of wine would be nice.

The Square is not an unhappy place. The shop façades are pleasant and if you don't gaze up you don't notice the recently built modernist units that line the back of what was once a quarry. In the centre, maybe slightly askew, is a large bronze sculpture that also functions as a fountain, it is surrounded by some irregular tokenistic patches of grass set into concrete and sparsely planted with some feeble looking ornamental trees that are lost in the landscape. The fountain is one of the many Stephen Walker

sculptures that are scattered throughout Sullivans Cove. The benches surrounding the fountain are empty today but they are mostly well used. They are enjoyed most by parents who can drink their coffee outside whilst their children play in full view within the sandstone wall boundaries of the square. A significant comfort in an urban environment.

The lunching mothers gather at the counter, looking at their watches. It's 2.40pm, time to leave and pick up the kids from school. They pay individually before leaving. A silence falls over the restaurant. My soup is making me sweat.

Diversity for success

If safety is a pre-requisite to the growing of a civil society then it is necessary to identify the physical characteristics or qualities of Salamanca that lend themselves to creating the safe environment that allows conviviality to generate. The first of these is the maintenance of diversity.

Jacobs (1961: 148) suggests that the essential key to a lively city scene is the "enormous collection of small elements" within it. She is not espousing an image that is underpinned specifically by commercial diversity, although this is an important component. A vigorous urban scene contains a good many other kinds of diversity, including a variety of cultural opportunities, varieties of scenes and a great variety in its population and other users

"Smallness and diversity are not synonymous," warns Jacobs (1961: 148); Salamanca however appears to have fulfilled many of the criteria to ensure diversity is a key feature of this area. The nature of such diversity would appear to be rooted in its history. Unlike many suburban centres which are dominated by commercial chains, and repeated monotonously across the landscape, Salamanca had its more recent commercial origins in the arts. The galleries and coffee shops which sprung up in the

late 1980s continued to attract an eclectic combination of enterprises and customers, including tourists, which cemented an environment of mixed uses.

Jacobs identified four conditions that are indispensable in generating exuberant diversity in a city's streets and the need for mixed uses is the first. The provision of a variety of shops creates excuses for different people to be in the street at different times for different purposes. The diversity in business supports itself and the continuity of movement on the street makes it safe for people who are using it.

This activity has been strengthened by the concentration of units and apartments that have been built since the early 1990s within Salamanca and the surrounding area. A combination of new buildings and conversions of buildings remaining from its industrial history have greatly increased the concentration of people in this area and also the convenience shops required to sustain a new population. Jacobs argues that another condition for diversity is a sufficiently dense concentration of people, particularly in the form of residents. Hobart has traditionally had patterns of suburban living but for the first time in the last few years this concentration of inner city apartments has proved popular with the market and, assuming that this style of living is not abandoned, will ensure the vitality of this area.

The new modern architecture that has emerged in this area has brought with it a new middle class population. This has been counterbalanced in limited ways by the diversity of people working in the old sandstone buildings that line the street. The government owned Arts Centre and the University of Tasmania Art School ensure that a presence of fringe life still has a place in this area but the diversity of people that come from a range of businesses is increasingly diminishing as the value of these buildings magnifies. Jacobs (1961: 187) claims that a "proportion of good old buildings" are a necessary factor in ensuring diversity." The old buildings preserve an assortment of businesses whose owners or lessees can not afford the high rents of new buildings, and these businesses in turn contribute to the diversity of people that they attract. The old buildings in Salamanca are now prime real estate and attract

almost exclusively high yield tenants and affluent clients. Such shifts in the uses of these buildings suggest that having grown out of an area regarded as a slum, Salamanca could now be in danger of returning to one if the variety of this area is eroded. Jacobs (1961: 251) notes that once a city fails to generate diversity it begins to self destruct. Careful planning can go some way in sustaining diversity through public ownership of buildings however the private sector, which predominates in Salamanca, prioritises the monetary value of the area, not the social consequences.

The final condition that Jacobs identifies for diversity is the need for short blocks and frequent streets so that the opportunities to turn a corner can be frequent, thus creating an intricate cross-use among the users of this area. Rofo (1995: 113) confirms the benefit of these patterns through the work done by Hanson and Hillier (1987) who explored the relationship between street configuration and the probability of encounters. They found that 'deformed grid patterns' characterised by urban patterns of piecemeal growth, such as those found in some Mediterranean cities, have a positive correlation between integration and street encounters. On a much smaller scale those deformed grid patterns are recreated throughout the Salamanca and its connecting suburb of Battery Point through the web of arcades and lanes that run in and between the buildings and connect to hidden spaces and streets behind the façade. They contribute to creating a sense of mystery, enticing one to explore further in a street that one could mistakenly believe could be experienced from a car.

The psychology of squares

Salamanca has two public squares, the Arts Centre Courtyard and the large Salamanca Square behind the façade of sandstone buildings. Both are valuable extensions to the main street. Their boundaries create a sense of physical comfort, cosiness, whilst the visible borders contribute to a sense of safety. Yi-Fu Tuan (1974: 27) explains that open and enclosed spaces can stimulate different topophilic feelings, (topophilia is described by Tuan as the affective bond between place and people).

Open space, in keeping with my childhood memories, signifies freedom and the promise of adventure. Enclosed space, like the squares, signify the cosy security of the womb, and privacy. It is this feeling of being enveloped, like being in the womb, that makes this space popular. Whilst the aesthetic details within the square are unremarkable the friendly edges containing a variety of shops and cafes are reassuring and appealing. Alexander (1977: 61) confirms that the success of a square lies in the strength of its edge:

The life of a public square forms naturally around its edge. If the edge fails, then the space never becomes lively. People gravitate naturally toward the edge of public spaces, they do not linger out in the open. If the edge does not provide them with places where it is natural to linger the space becomes a place to walk through, not a place to stop. It is therefore clear that a public square should be surrounded by pockets of activity, shops, stands, benches etc.

Control: my space, your space, our space

The blurring of private and public space is evident throughout Salamanca. The footpaths are not merely a means of pedestrian thoroughfare, but also restaurant extensions and rooms for street furniture and signage (Ferguson 1999). This mix appears to be a happy one for the people who patronise these venues with pedestrians, restaurateurs and customers benefiting from the ambience that is created. Despite the private businesses surrounding it, the public ownership of the square, has ensured that there is still the freedom to undertake activities of one's choice including, perhaps, busking or selling flowers. Unfortunately this sort of activity rarely seems to happen and the tone of middle class propriety that dominates this square is probably tacitly responsible for keeping such behaviour at bay until Saturday's market.

Domination of space to the exclusion of 'the others' is a common feature of the urban landscape. Symbolic constructions of class boundaries inform the community who is and isn't welcome. Studies show that societies assume some cohesion and conformity and when confronted with difference, like the stranger, they associate it with disorder (Sibley 1995). Hegemonic spaces, as Salamanca has become, are also most resistant to progressive change (Duncan and Duncan 1997). The diversity of people present when Salamanca was still defined by its artistic origins has diminished except on market days. The architecture of the new buildings in the area and the prices of the menus in the restaurants now dictate to whom this area belongs.

Subliminal control of space is explored by Michel Foucault, who claims space is a building block of power for ruling classes. This power is successful in enforcing a systems of discipline that "traverses all points and supervises every instant ...[it] compares differentiates, heirarchises, homogenises, excludes. In short it normalises" (Foucault 1984: 195). Illich (1973) expressed similar fears, warning that our experiences and potential as individuals is limited by the control manifest by corporations that control our environments by the 'tools' that we are provided with to construct our lives. These examples are seen most effectively through the identical homogeneous shopping centres that recur throughout our suburbs providing us all with the same, eminently governable, possibilities of experience. Illich encouraged conviviality as a means by which new ideas and original thoughts could be generated to escape such forms of control.

Chapter 4

With the Snow



Garden of Protest

It is one of those days today. One of those days that comes only a few days of each year, sometimes not all. It is strange; the flashes of movement from the people on the street suggest they are oblivious to the event, perhaps more preoccupied with escaping the limitations these days present. Their bodies, burdened with layers of clothes, are the only acknowledgement of what this morning has brought. I stare at the whiteness of the white against the brilliant blue and feel so pleased that I am here.

The shop owners begin to unlock their doors as the last few corporate workers cross the streets hurriedly. The landscape makes way for the second wave of urban inhabitants, dressed in jeans and polar fleece and seeking fulfilment to their routines and addictions. Most bypass their traditional outdoor seating arrangements today for the warmth and comfort inside.

An old lady in her VW holds up the traffic as she waits stubbornly in front of Salamanca Fruit Market for a convenient car park. Once called Stokes and Hammond, the market, has been one of the very few constants on this street. The Behrakis Brothers, four of them in total, bought it originally as a means by which to

wholesale fruit and vegetables to the many other Greek small shop owners. The success of the Behrakis Brothers has now granted them status among the wealthiest in the Greek community. Status amongst Greeks can be measured by the size of their houses on Churchill Avenue, in prestigious Sandy Bay, where many of the other Greeks reside in competition with each other.

There are many Greek restaurant owners in Salamanca. The ethnicities of the remaining restaurateurs and cafe owners include Vietnamese, Japanese, Italian and German. One of the first non-European traders on this street was Bernie Lee. Bernie was an Asian gentleman who wore an orange toupee over his remaining tufts of black hair. He was always smiling and always friendly, except on those occasions when those southerly winds would blow off his toupee and he would chase after the tumbling orange fluff in the street. Still today non-Europeans are quite distinctively on the 'other side of the counter', rarely drinking coffee in the cafes, shopping in the specialty shops or protesting on Parliament Lawns. Their cultures are not without practices of conviviality but it is rarely here. I wonder why?

What is it about these spaces of Salamanca that makes them so specifically 'white'?
What is it about these spaces that make them so specifically white and middle class?

A girl stands conspicuously in the entrance of Retro café, her hair pulled back tightly making even more prominent the bright blue glasses she is wearing. An appropriate style for the Retro where, as the name implies, looking cool grants you a regular seat. The intimate interior of Bentwood chairs, local art, mosaics and mirrors attracts an appropriately eclectic crowd who traditionally prefer soy milk to cow. Initially conquered by artists, its patronage is now dominated by academics, activists, consultants, tourists and all peoples of left politics.

Just a few doors up at Zum café you will find a clientele that accounts for some of the people that you don't find at Retro. Their clothes are a mix of suits and smart casual, their bums hang over the seats a bit more than they should and their children are

probably at private schools. Occasionally Labor members of Parliament cross the road for a coffee but never the Liberals. Speaker of the House Michael Polley, once a door-to-door sewing machine salesman, often indulges here alone with hot chocolates in a mug with double marshmallows.

Serg, the French pastry chef in the back room of Zum, set a fine standard in the traditional all butter pastries. Tempted by thought of pan chocolats I push open the heavy door and step inside to the warmth but I am suddenly engulfed by memories that emanate from the bitter smell of roasted coffee beans. Years of pouring beans into the cappuccino machine prompt in me thoughts more of hardship than joy. Overwhelmed by a surge of discomfort as Spiro and Mark wave to me from behind the kitchen servery I make a rushed purchase and escape with a cheese and herb muffin.

I cross the street hurriedly towards Parliament House Gardens, changing my plans to walk as far as the Law Courts on the next street corner of Salamanca Place. It is deserted. I sit on the stepped granite edge of the statue that is tucked towards the corner of the park. Everybody sits here in preference to the park benches that surround the central round garden bed. I don't think anyone much notices who the statue represents. I don't.

It's cold. I search for my gloves, the blue has turned to grey and the snow topped flat of the mountain is hidden. The water in the cove is dark and still. It is without any hint of the large swell that will be present tomorrow at the points, as there always is after snow. The muffin is morish, a pleasant surprise.

There is no activity at the entrance to Parliament House, no faces from the media with which to entertain myself. The garden beds, normally bejewelled with bright annuals, are without life. It starts to spit with rain. The large wintry trees that stand guard around the park look ominous and uninviting today. I am in the centre. The centre of political life, the centre of civic life, the centre of port life, the centre of between –

between town and suburban domestic life. I am in the centre, but there is no one here today.

Democracy in the agora

It is a strange thing to be able to sit in this garden quiet and alone. Parliament House Garden is a central venue in my small town for civil and civic activity. Occasionally there are tai chi classes, people lunch here daily, but most traditionally this garden is the venue for protests and demonstrations. Positioned strategically in front of Parliament House it is a perfect accompaniment to the cafes in Salamanca where the revolutions are planned.

For Tasmania Salamanca and Parliament House Gardens are equivalent to the agora, the meeting place of Athenian democracy and symbolic of the processes of participation and debates. Within historical English culture these practices were evident in the commons, the civic and social centres of traditional English village life. The commons would be where people would gather, discuss things, and work together on shared problems and tasks. They expressed the culture, traditions and identities of that particular place (Graham: 2000). Commons are not formal constructions within Australian culture; however, the characteristic of conviviality and social exchange that represents the value of commons can be found in contemporary creations of some spaces. Salamanca is one of them.

If we accept that the exchanges in the streets of the agora were the origins of civil and democratic practices then it would seem appropriate to equate this street life to the patterns of conviviality that are generated throughout Salamanca Place. Public exchange in Salamanca provides individuals with experiences that "contribute to our understanding of others," which in turn "makes a responsible democratic society possible" (Smithsonian 2000:7). Democratic behaviour is often defined as encompassing only acts of voting, advocacy and protest; however I am proposing that

we need to take a wider view of the public behaviours that contributes to a democratic society and the places in which these occur. Conviviality assists in the establishment of networks, norms and social trust which Cox (1995) describes as the foundations of a civil society. She offers the example of Robert Putnam's (1993) work on democracy in Italy, where he found that choirs were a major contributor to democracy. Mattson (1998: 2) describes public interaction as a form of "social education" that is linked to the processes of political participation including listening, persuading, arguing and compromising. It has the potential to promote tolerance, build respect for diversity and recognition of our common humanity.

Fostering social capital requires the protection of public space where public interaction is made possible. Carr et al.(1992: 23) claim that public space "provides grounds for demanding personal and political rights" and is an integral part of the formation and continuation of social groups". Parks, libraries, galleries, museums, sporting grounds, historic sites all provide us with venues to interact with others, however we overlook the benefits of convivial behaviour in the private spaces of corner shops, bookstores and most specifically cafés. Like the Athenian agora where the private spaces of the cafes spilled onto the public life of the streets, Salamanca also appears to have captured that intricate mix of public and private space in ways that engages peoples interest and ensures they are happy to linger and talk.

The economics of conviviality

For a long time the protection of public space has been viewed as of marginal value to the community. When cut-backs need to be made by government in spending public resources are the first to be diminished. Public spaces in the form of parks are being traded on the property market for often enormous short term financial returns. This strategy however neglects the financial opportunities that conviviality in public places can engender for government and community. Peattie (1998) describes the economics of conviviality as complex because "conviviality itself can be neither

coerced nor bought, but the resources used in the production of conviviality – spaces, seats, food, drink, lighting, sound systems and so forth – may be sold or rented or ceded by owners and governments” (1998: .250). One cannot sit at Irish Murphys indefinitely without buying a drink, the cafes need coffee suppliers and the gardens need servicing. Conviviality creates a network of activity that involves consumption and requires employment and servicing.

Intrinsically, conviviality is a valuable collective product which may be combined with marketable items to create a richly profitable environment, socially and financially. In 2001 for example, the Taste of Tasmania, a food fair held annually in Princes Wharf over the week of the new year, attracted an estimated 83 701 people, had a total turn over of just over \$5 million and is believed to have attracted another \$20 million from visitors who visited Hobart to enjoy the Summer Festival activities, of which the Taste of Tasmania is a major influence (Holliday pers. comm. November 2002). In addition to financial benefits, this event provides an avenue for thousands of people to come together for the celebration of food, music, wine and company.

There are increasing examples, particularly in the form of festivals and special events, that provide evidence that building social capital through practices of conviviality also engenders financial capital. Sustaining social capital in commercial environments requires eliminating risks that force commercial and convivial interests to compete to the detriment of both.

Despite the social and financial benefits it is dangerous to become idealistic about the potential of conviviality. It is not always a warm fuzzy thing and, as Peattie (1998: 252) reminds us, “it is a human energy and resource that can be contested and can turn against its handlers”. Negative experiences have the potential to fester wherever there are opportunities for conviviality. These experiences foster hostility and fear, and accentuate all the ills of society but these experiences also are a contribution to our understanding of society. The confidence required to be resilient to such

confrontations comes from the trust, that, as Cox (1995: 23) describes, is grown through the repetition of positive experiences within the community:

We need the opportunities to interact with a reasonably broad spread of people, and to build a level of trust through positive rather than negative experiences.

Safe to speak

Positive experiences happen in safe environments but, physical safety is not enough for a civil society. Psychological safety, a safety where a people “may say what they really think and be what they really are” (Launceston Declaration on Safe Space and Leadership 2001) is also an essential component in fostering a democratic community. Breaking free from the hegemony of ruling powers requires diversity in voices through which imagined new worlds can be created and challenges and debates can be set. Change can only be brought about by the creation of spaces through which members of the public can safely advocate alternative views.

Planners have a responsibility to create the spaces in which people can safely voice their opinions and also to act as advocates for change themselves. In their book *Cities for Citizens* (1998), Douglass and Friedmann conceive planning to include the work of helping to articulate people’s needs in all kinds of ways, particularly the needs of that part of civil society that is most vulnerable from economic or political disadvantage. Leonie Sandercock (1998) developed this concept in her proposal of a new post-modern paradigm in planning which she called ‘insurgent planning’. She envisions a movement where the concept of community will be replaced from the homogeneous and exclusionary groups for which planning currently caters, to the concept of “communities of resistance, inclusionary and democratic, struggling for livelihood and lifespaces” (Sandercock 1998: 206). The foundation for such change requires new ways of accessing people’s knowledge, including visual forms, stories,

speeches, songs and multicultural literacy to cater for multiple publics. If the power of space is to be challenged for outcomes that bring social, cultural and environmental justice planners today need to ensure that safe spaces are available for a diversity of voices to be expressed in an environment of tolerance and trust.

Salamanca has a history that is born out of an extreme diversity of people and voices, representative of all three extremes of the political parties on this island. This factor could offer some indication as to why the Green vote is traditionally highest in the polling booths of this electorate that are closest to Salamanca. It could be argued that personal exposure to Green activists and members has fostered a tolerance and understanding among other members of the community that may not be present in other electorates where labelling and hostility to the Greens has been reinforced by a lack of regular contact or opportunities for social interaction.

Locked out/ in: gated communities

The exclusion or absence of different sectors of communities from particular places and spaces is an obstruction to developing trust. Gated communities are an example of breakdown in trust where middle class suburbanites retreat from the public, barricading themselves into homogeneous gated enclaves and exposing themselves to social polarization of apocalyptic proportions. Without experiences in diverse and flexible public space, individuals have trouble trusting other participants in society and little hope of developing diversity. Margaret Crawford (1999: 23) reminds us that it is only in casual social interaction we can discover what is common amongst our differences: "We have a large amount in common but we focus on the differences and this is what causes our polarisation".

The philosophy of fear that underpins gated communities could offer an explanation for why the presence of ethnic members of the community is scarce in Sullivans Cove. Many ethnic groups have created gated communities for themselves in pockets

around the suburbs of Hobart. Thompson (1994) claims it is a natural inclination, for migrants to want to seek a home where one feels they have neighbouring support and networks and can speak their own language. Such behaviour prevents them from having to form relationships or discourse with people from other cultures and only serves to accentuate the fear and distrust of 'strangers'. Restricting social interaction to the home environment grants migrants comfort to be themselves however it obstructs opportunities to develop a broader community of trust and respect for difference and continues to disenfranchise the ethnic groups from developing patterns of democratic participation.

Chapter 5

Surrounded by Grey



The blank canvas

Be careful.

The spaghetti of roads that one has to negotiate to cross from either Salamanca Place to Princes Wharf belies the fact that they are main thoroughfares. We leave behind the aesthetic composition of green grass and uniform sandstone to head towards lots of concrete and parked cars. Lots of parked cars. Lots and lots and lots. There is a high steel fence around them to stop them from escaping. There are many more inside the big grey shed called Princes Wharf. Every morning the jolly man sits in the aluminium toll box that could be mistaken for a tool shed and collects the money. There are some occasions throughout the year when it ceases to be an undercover car park and it becomes a hall for feasting and a venue for the celebration of youth. These events happens twice a year, maybe, otherwise it is all for the cars.

There is no one inside Sticky Fingers eating ice cream and the staff at Blue Skies have not bothered to put the chairs out around the tables. The once modern exterior that now houses these venues is now dated. I pull my hood over my jacket and wander along the boardwalk and survey the yachts moored behind the building. The huge orange presence of the L'Astrolabe near by, recently returned from Antarctica, detracts from the frivolity of the yachts.

I am annoyed to find that there is a man cleaning the concrete walkway around Watermans Dock: this prevents me from taking my favourite route down the steps and along the ledge, level with the water. In those few moments there is a sense of merging with the sea, succumbing to its power. I begrudgingly walk around the dock instead, past his noisy generator and to the shabby concrete seating on the other side.

A row of elegant Georgian buildings, inhabited by trendy clubbers at night, line one side of Franklin Wharf. The water is on the other. In between there are cars, lots of parked cars. Cars parked against the waters edge, cars parked against the buildings, cars travelling in between. The noise of the traffic from the CBD in the distance is broken by a voice on a microphone from the Emma-Lisa, returning from one of its tours with a handful of tourists on board. This shiny red boat with green trim provides us with a pretty scene on the water: this is not matched by the scene on the land.

I sit in this spot often with a big eraser in my mind. Enthusiastically I rub out the bits I don't like and recreate the landscape I desire. I rub out the cars, the forlorn looking ferry booths and the shabby concrete seats. With a range of colours on my palette I play artist to suit my own utopian ideal of urban landscape. There is forever the hope that one day my picture will be created in reality.

Loud shouting from nearby disturbs the composition in my head. A man appears from a lane between the Georgian buildings, he is screaming at absent figures. He claims they are trying to poison his dog and they don't care. He continues to shout, repeating his claim. The nightclub owners shut their door in haste as he slams his fists against

them angrily. I feel nervous and so do a couple of middle age tourists who turn the corner quickly to avoid his path. He continues with the tirade about his dog as he heads towards the wharf and then suddenly jumps onto a boat tied in Watermans Dock. On the crude steel boat there is a dog, a staffy, excited at the arrival of his owner. Waiting by the boat is Danny; he's holding a bunch of flowers in his hand and is looking serene as he witnesses these events. Danny is still handsome I note but looking worn from the years of using hard drugs. He follows the screaming man onto the boat without speaking. I understand more now about the man with the dog, but not the flowers.

The flâneuse as artist

It is the desire of the artist to paint and the flâneuse, like the artist, paints also using the urban landscape as the canvas on which to make and re-make her desired images. I sit in the cafés and re-draw the spaces, change the colours and create utopia. Italo Calvino (1992: 244) does the same of his city on paper but in the creation of his ideal image he has erased his city altogether:

walking along the great Prospect of our city, I mentally erase elements I have decided not to take into consideration. I pass a military building, whose façade is laden...and I feel the need to reduce it to a smooth, vertical surface...a partition that defines space without imposing itself on one's sight. I decide to do away with it completely; in its place a milky sky rises over the bare ground. Similarly, I erase five more ministries, three banks and a couple of skyscraper headquarters of big companies. The world is so complicated tangled and overloaded that to see it with any clarity you must prune and prune.

The erasure of space stands as a metaphor of utopian public planning and the construction of a rational aesthetic city where there was once ugliness and disorder.

The dream of utopia was perhaps also the driving force of Ebenezer Howard (1898) who, through his creation of a Garden City, sought to destroy the evils and wrongs of the city by creating self-sufficient small towns surrounded by green belts with commercial, cultural places in the centre controlled by public authority. Howard's model was picture-perfect and appealing to my artistic sensibilities and many others. Influential planners at the turn of the last century like Patrick Geddes (1915) and Frank Lloyd Wright (1935) enthusiastically adopted Howard's model for the development of their own similarly middle class utopian plans.

Any desire to relax in this combined role of artist and planner is brought to a halt by Jane Jacobs who emphatically claims that "a city can not be a work of art" (Jacob 1961; 372). She conceded that art is needed in the arrangement of cities as well as in other realms of life but when we are dealing with cities we are dealing with life at its most complex and intense and thus there are aesthetic limitations on what can be done with cities:

To approach a city, or even a city neighbourhood, as if it were a larger architectural problem capable of being given order by converting it into a disciplined work of art, is to make the mistake of attempting to substitute art for life (Jacobs 1961; 373).

Jacobs' fury at and revolt against planners and their prescriptive methods, served as a turning point in the profession. Other voices from this period, (Hall: 1975) initiated progressive discussions in planning. A slow shift emerged from design orientated outcomes to processes driven plans with an emphasis on consultation (Gleeson and Low 2000).

Imaging the environment

I recreate the landscape in my role as artist to bring to it an immediately comprehensible appearance. I am fortunate to have the topography of the mountain

and the water to work with but the 'spaces of between' have not always been created in a way that makes sense to me (Stoddart 2000). I paint the environment to help me remember it. Finding the patterns in my surroundings has practical and emotional value. It enables me to move about easily and may serve as a broad frame of reference upon which I can make choices or decisions. A landscape that I can read will encourage connections and an intensity of experience that will become a permanent part of my memory. It offers security and heightens the potential depth and intensity of human experience (Lynch 1960).

Lynch (1960) claims that, without a legible environment (that is, an environment in which its parts can be recognised and ordered into a coherent pattern) we experience fear and confusion. A legible city is one whose district, landmarks or pathways are easily identifiable and easily grouped into an overall pattern.

Sullivans Cove is neither a city nor a town; it is a harbour that has the benefit of the water, the mountain and the skyline of the surrounding business district to frame it. These topographical advantages, combined with the distinctive qualities of the sandstone, grass and history, make this area immediately legible. There is little need for the hand of the artist to improve it.

Of Lynch's five elements that make a landscape legible, Sullivans Cove fulfils two of those definitions. Sullivans Cove is both an edge and a node. Edges are perceived to mark the transition from one area into another. In describing successful edges Lynch (1960: 100) claims that "the clear transition from water to a landmark at a sea front ... [is] a powerful visual impression" which can be further enhanced if this edge has "many visual and circulation connections" because it then "becomes a feature to which everything else is connected". These characteristics are indicative of the features found throughout Sullivans Cove that have contributed to it being a successful edge. It describes the power of the space from the water to the landmark sandstone buildings in Salamanca Place from which the life of this edge began. It has been the visual success of this area that could perhaps be attributed to the formation

of Salamanca as a node. A node is defined as a point of concentration that serves as a meeting place. Lynch (1960: 102) claims that if a node can have coherent spatial appearance in the form of defined boundaries, it will be irresistible. The coherent spatial form of Salamanca and the squares within it could account for their success, however not all parts of Sullivans Cove benefit from its quality as an edge.

Whilst Salamanca Place is a part of the Cove there is a distinct transition in the quality of spaces once a person crosses the roads towards Princes Wharf. The space between the water and the Georgian buildings around Franklin Wharf is dominated by concrete and parked cars that extend as far as Macquarie Wharf on the other side of the harbour. There are nodes of conviviality that are generated in and around restaurants scattered in this area of the Cove but the places in between are thoroughfares and not conducive to loitering public. Alexander (1977: 123) confirms that people and cars cannot co-exist comfortably: "We suspect that when the density of cars passes a certain limit, and people experience the feeling that the environment is no longer "theirs" they have no right to be there, that it is not a place for people". Some would say the opportunity to park cars here creates activity for existing trade. Alternatively this public space could be viewed as potentially profitable to the community both socially and economically if planning changes are made to attract people instead of cars.

Constructing place over space

In 1984 whilst reviewing his taxonomy of space, Lynch was uneasy with the emphasis that he had given to the physical attributes of places in his 1960 publication, *The Image of the City*. He felt that the original study neglected the meanings of places and the influence of this in people's connectedness to place. Smith, Neischler and Perkins (1997: 233) conducted a research project of three communities in Toronto, Canada, to facilitate an understanding of the relationship between the quality of an urban community and physical form. They found that the principles of character and

connection were valued the most by these communities. Both qualities demand a “collective representation of a community identity” formed through “opportunities for connections to others through social interaction and people watching”. The work of phenomenologist Edward Relph (1976) confirmed the inextricable relationship between people and place, within which they each “dialectically shape a common identity” (Hay, P. 2000: 159). Individual connections to place may emerge from a person’s life history and personal experiences or traditions of uses of an area; however Relph (1976) posits that it is also within social contexts and shared perceptions of place that a sense of ‘rootedness’ can be developed. The power of this attachment to place is most evident at times when groups of citizens come together to defend their territory when confronted with potential development.

Such attachment has been most evident in Salamanca in the last decade where proposed developments of the area have resulted in significant periods of community activism. The connection to this place that has been instrumental in provoking a powerful reaction from the community could be traced to the legibility of the physical environment however current literature favours the social connections that people establish from shared rituals and traditions like drinking coffee at the same café and frequent visits to the Saturday market. Convivial activity therefore gives rise to democratic processes through attachment to place that is established from shared experiences.

A movement called New Urbanism has been developed in the United States specifically to encourage the social connections that have been recognised as essential to “the lost art of place-making” (www.newurbanism.org). Its members promote the creation and restoration of diverse, walkable, compact, vibrant, sustainable, mixed-use communities. The characteristics have been adopted from many of the principles developed by Jacobs and Lynch, and are a conscious attempt to create a neighbourhood or town of convivial communities that foster both civil and civic citizens. These communities have come under criticism for postering as friendly neighbourhoods when in fact on closer examination they present as gated

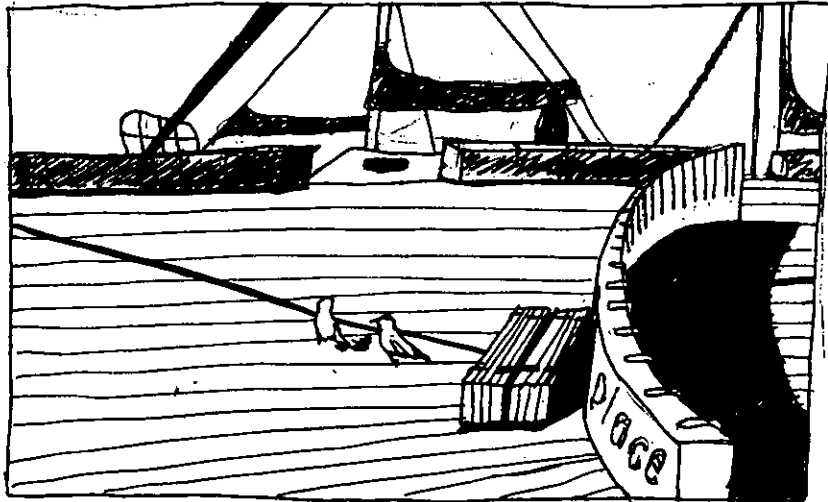
communities. They generally attract a homogeneous group of residents because the homes are targeted mostly at upper middle class income buyers and the 'friendly' neighbourhood that they aspire to is allegedly achieved, by imposing social sanctions for going outside the agreed norms of neighbourhood conformity (Kunstler 2002). This control, which dominates the neighbourhood, works as an exercise in power. It is described as "the dark side of Jacobs' 'eyes on the street,' it is Foucault's gaze" (Gray 2001: 1).

The essence of this gaze arises from the creation of governing spaces that reflects the imposition of the ruling authority and power over places. Historically there have been tensions between planners, the "producers of space" and the citizens who are traditionally the "makers of place". The concerns of planners is one of shaping and controlling the conduct of citizens, this conflicts with 'places', (i.e. humanised spaces representing a diversity of people and tensions), because planners assume a homogeneity of interests within the people who occupy the place (Raco & Flint: 590). It could be argued that New-Urbanists, in their attempt to create 'place' have not escaped the production of a homogeneous social order because of the controls imposed to produce a space that conforms rigidly to a set of aesthetic and social ideals. The question of how to plan for authentic places that are replete with contradictory and contested meaning is an issue all planners should be struggling with today.

Even so, Salamanca has been successful specifically because it grew from a disparate group of people without early interference from planners. The power of this space was available to anyone who wanted the opportunity to create it into a place that was their own. The surge of interest in the area grew from the richness of the unique layers that had been added by each of the early innovators and entrepreneurs who conquered the spaces and established its character. One suspects that if planners had initiated a rejuvenation of this slum it would look much different from today.

Chapter 6

In the Sun



This I learned: summary

Conviviality is a complex orchestration of simple actions that, in totality, underpin the soul of humanity and provide the glue for community. The apparently frivolous activity of the actors on this urban stage disguises the metanarrative of the construction of a civil society. Without processes of engagement and communication with a diversity of people in our daily life our potential for tolerance, trust and reciprocity is severely diminished. Fear and loathing creeps into our psyche instead. Conviviality is neither trivial nor insignificant; it is the means by which we celebrate the actions and commitments of daily life. It is the vehicle of mediation between different race, gender, class and age groups. "Conviviality is, indeed, the very nourishment of civil society itself" (Peattie 1998: 250). The streets are the stage where this politics of everyday life is conducted. It is for planners and cultural geographers to question and examine in what manner they contribute to or obstruct the democratic practices of their community when they yield their influence to the life of public spaces.

Perhaps conviviality in Salamanca prospers because it grew without the influence of planners. The artists created a 'place' from a space that was removed from the interests of planners and the control of the state until the street began to demonstrate patterns of commercial growth. The physical and psychological safety that this place offers makes it safe for people to loiter and engage in an active street life. This relationship is co-dependent for it is the presence of people that creates this safety. The basic requisite for the sort of surveillance that creates this safety is a quantity of stores and other public places that are used by day and night and attract a diverse range of people. Bars and restaurants, like the many in Salamanca, work in several different and complex ways to abet sidewalk safety. Salamanca also has the benefit of the Peacock Theatre and the Long Gallery in the Arts Centre which regularly hold events that bring a variety and concentration of people to the area from different sectors of the community. What can be deduced from this inextricable relationship between conviviality and commercial enterprises is first, that public space is not the only domain in which conviviality can prosper, and second, that in both private and public spaces conviviality and commercial activity are often necessary and even mutually reinforcing.

Comparisons

One can understand best the attributes that make Salamanca conducive to convivial activity by examining a place that does not. In the Cove, beside constitution dock, is a relatively new public space called Mawson Place...

I have never been here before. I have walked around it, discussed it, studied it when passing in a vehicle but I have never specifically stepped inside the space of Mawson Place.

It is a space made up of the surfaces of steel, glass, concrete and wood. Not in those proportions. Concrete, concrete, concrete, concrete, wood, wood, metal, glass, would be more correct proportionately. I like all these surfaces but I don't like this 'place'.

Mawson Place became well known with the Hobart community in its planning stages for the bitter division it created in Council. Aldermen were divided in their opinions over whether Morrison Street should be totally or only partially closed to make way for this public space by the docks, including the conversion of an old building into a public exhibition space. The concept was introduced by the then mayor John Freeman who insisted on full road closure. Council elections emerged in the middle of this acrimonious debate and John Freeman lost his position as mayor, but not exclusively because of this issue. He was incredulous as he surrendered his baby to his enemy for completion – and the road remained partially open. Whilst much public debate and engagement raged during the planning stages of this place it is not reflected now in the use of this space. It is often a place of ridicule in letters to the editor and journalists have described this site as having failed to “grip the local imagination to persuade us to use it” (Rankin-Read, June, 2002).

Today the sky is a winter blue and the sun is shining brightly; it is shining right on Mawson Place. It is the first sunny day following an orchestration of rain and then snow. A few people have seized the opportunity to eat their lunch or sip a coffee here. There are not many, about five; four more than I have ever seen gathered here before. They are all youngish, they are all sitting alone, spread at equal distances from each other.

I look quickly for a place to sit to be inconspicuous in this 'place'. Exposed to the view of passing motorists on busy Davey Street to the left and motorists behind us on Morrison Street, it strikes me that one is conspicuous here by mere presence. I resist the temptation to sit and hide against a low concrete wall, and move toward one of the coffin like wooden benches in the centre. Closer inspection of the benches reveals

much weathering in their short life. The aluminium metal trims, installed as anti-skating device, protrude into my thigh causing me discomfort.

The seagulls gather around the visitor eating chips. A couple of tourists walk into the 'place' looking hesitant, maybe because tourists always do or maybe because they too feel like me - exposed. They sit awkwardly on the edge of another bench closest to me and stare out across the docks. A young male comes and sits on the bench on the other side of me. There is a crowd developing. He is wearing a denim jacket and has an earring. I like that look. He sits with a polystyrene cup in one hand and a newspaper in the other; I can't tell which paper but I'd like to know.

My back begins to ache. My time is limited in this 'place' without alternative seating. I slip onto the ground and use the bench as a backrest. The tourists stand up and leave already. It is very pretty looking out. I watch a dog and cat on the yacht moored in front of me position themselves for maximum sun. The wind is still but the turbine spins. The owner, tubby and bearded, hops on board followed by his mate carrying a cask of red wine, bought from the budget range. If you manage not to cast your view toward the left hand corner at the ugly modernist structure of the Grand Chancellor Hotel the surrounding built environment is almost completely historic. I am struck by the uniqueness of the setting.

The young man next to me also moves from his bench onto the ground. I feel better instantly. He opens his paper and begins reading, guarding his eyes from the sun and rolling his cup in his hand. We sit in company with each other in this big open space.

As lunch time moves on so do the people. The seagulls come to me in the hope of offerings. The noise of the traffic remains as a constant feature of this experience.

The cold starts seeping into me from the concrete. I arrange my jumper as a pillow and settle in. People pass by occasionally, not often. They walk around the yachts or around Mawson Place, following the large, looming lights as an imaginary border. Some walk through, but not many.

Two young skateboarders skate into the 'place' and create a loud noise as they run their boards over the decking. I liked the momentary youthful energy they bestowed upon us. Teenagers are a group distinctively lacking in the Cove. I am sad about this but I don't think many in the Cove are. They designed Mawson Place specifically to keep skateboarders out; they have been granted a skate park in Elizabeth Street instead at the northern edge of the CBD. Alternative venues that they use as meeting places include the mall in town and Franklin Square: people complain about their presence in these spaces also. Police are assigned to patrol them vigilantly. Where are young people welcome and offered trust?

As if from a dream, amidst the normality of lunchtime events, a young girl, maybe two years old, creates theatre for those who are there to witness. Dressed in a tiara, a white tulle ballerina dress with a large pink satin bow she dances whimsically through the 'place'. She is followed by a woman with long bleached hair and tight black clothing made of leather and lace. They pass through like a strange aberration but I am thankful for their brief appearance.

My companion in this 'place' folds his paper, collects the pieces of polystyrene from his broken cup and prepares to leave. We glance at each other and smile, an acknowledgement of shared time perhaps. He walks away without speaking. I am alone in this 'place'. It looks familiar again as the place I know it to be – empty.

The most defining feature of Mawson place is that it is almost always devoid of public presence, a self perpetuating phenomenon. Primarily this space fails to attract people because it is not responsive to peoples needs. Most conspicuous is the lack of shade or shelter but the seating, which is particularly uncomfortable, prevents people from lingering here even if they want to. Unlike the psychological security provided by the boundaries of the squares in Salamanca one is exposed here to heavy traffic that passes immediately behind you and on the four lane highway of Davey Street. Given that there are no primary uses in the surrounding area one does not have any

specific purpose to be there except for relaxation and observation, however the noise and vibration of the surrounding traffic prevents this sort of experience. Salamanca is not without traffic but generally it passes slowly and there are the buffers of the wide footpaths and parked cars between the people and the traffic. Above all however people are active in the street of Salamanca because they have a choice of reasons for which to be there.

What I see: conclusions

There is no doubt though that the choices in variety of enterprises have diminished in the last couple of years. With the surge of commercial growth that has been experienced the low yielding and one-of-a-kind, businesses have been squeezed out as excess duplication of rivalling businesses have taken over. This trend is evident specifically in the loss of galleries and cultural venues. The power relations of the new businesses and residents have constructed boundaries that are both social and spatial - they define who belongs to this place and who may be excluded

The self destruction of diversity that this exclusion creates is, as Jacobs warns, caused by success, not failure. It is the same economic processes that led to the success of Salamanca that now threatens its existence. The diversity is being eroded by a gentrification of this area that has meant a shift to the domination of a middle class population and businesses that attract middle class customers. Without an assortment of people visiting this area for a variety of reasons sidewalk life will diminish, destroying the sense of safety that is generated from such activity and the convivial behaviour that people conduct in these sort of safe spaces.

Such findings suggest that Salamanca is on the path to becoming a rich mans slum, an area devoid of diversity in uses and thus a diversity of people. The very attributes that have made this a successful place of conviviality could be eroded causing the public, followed by the businesses, to abandon this area in search of a new cultural centre. I

believe however that Salamanca will be protected from this for two reasons, the presence of the Arts Centre and Saturday market: Both the Arts Centre and the market are avenues that provide affordable rents for activities and enterprises that could not afford to have a presence in this area otherwise and attract members of the public from diverse sectors of the community.

The Arts Centre provides space for retail arts venues in the ground floor alcoves whilst the second and third floors are available as artists' studios and workshop areas; there is a writer's cottage on the cliff behind the square. These spaces provide another dimension to the experience of this area, they also provide other purposes for a variety of members from the community and not just those that live or work there, to have a presence in Salamanca. Even those not interested in the arts benefit from the extra life that these contemporary activities bring to the place overall.

Similarly the Saturday market attracts hundreds of people each weekend, as both stallholders and visitors. The merchandise for sale is an ad hoc combination of expensive goods to cheap wares thus attracting a mix of people that reflect these extremes, cutting across the spectrum of classes and ages. It is an inclusive atmosphere of conviviality that many come to enjoy regardless of whether they want to make a purchase. This defining event is enormously significant in the connections that people make with this place as a consequence of experiencing this regular event. The connections of ownership that are forged to this place by a large community of people ensures that these citizens continue to return to this area for other purposes and that the longevity of Salamanca Place is protected by a community of interest.

For the market and the arts centre to have continued presence in the area it is essential that the rents are maintained at a level that is affordable to a variety of tenants. The issue of rents has already surfaced as a contentious area for the Arts Centre whose board recently raised the rents in line with rising valuations of the area. As a consequence the Centre suffered the loss of cultural retailers and practicing artists. Alternative methods of setting rentals based on total takings could be explored, as

could the possibility of subsidising low rents from public street events or even government. The imperative is that the integrity of the centre as it currently operates is protected for the future success of the area.

Moving forward: changes for the future

These findings provide some insight into future planning for Sullivans Cove, specifically the area between Salamanca and Mawson Place. The future development proposed for Hunter Street, in the old IXL buildings, will mean that there will be an increase in the flow of traffic moving between the two ends of the Cove. The area surrounding Franklin Wharf, currently occupied by parked cars, could become an extended area of conviviality if we emulate the example of the Arts Centre as an instigator and generator of activity and diversity. It would follow from this example that a public building of a similarly eclectic and cultural character could be the centre of growth in this area. This is not to suggest a simple formula; some public buildings do not have a life beyond their own walls (either because of bad management or because of the nature of the tenants), thus it would be necessary to select a public purpose that would fulfil the conditions of diversity that are necessary for civic rejuvenation. The value of this strategy is that the planners aren't creating the space in totality; citizens are granted a public space from which to grow their own places.

Such changes could begin with the Waterside Pavilion at Mawson Place. This gallery style space, which is predominantly vacant, could be leased to community members at nominal prices to conduct one-off or experimental activities. Changing functions such as soup kitchens, drawing classes, indoor tai chi, youth events, (some of these could be Adult Education classes) may create nodes of interest and opportunities across different sectors of the community and provide avenues of entrepreneurship for the public. Public buildings should not be empty buildings, they are missed opportunities for growing social and financial capital.

Future Research

The findings from this research articulate a range of future research possibilities.

Having discovered that Jacobs' four conditions of diversity (developed from her observations of large American cities) can be applied to the small centre of Sullivans Cove to reveal its sources of success as a centre for conviviality, it would be beneficial to observe whether these conditions of diversity reveal the success or failures of other pockets of Hobart's urban centres. This study could be extended into a more elaborate comparative study between Hobart and Launceston. It would be interesting to explore whether measured patterns of democratic participation are highest in the city that best fulfils the four conditions of diversity through their physical environment.

Another related research project would be an investigation of public buildings that have been identified as catalysts for urban rejuvenation of their area in the same way that the Arts Centre has proven to be in Salamanca Place. The value of this research would be in the knowledge of the nature of activity that is conducted in these buildings. Culture and the arts seem to be a common characteristic of public buildings that are instrumental in changes to urban dynamics; however it would be valuable to record the functions of other successful public buildings so they too can be emulated. Similarly a study of public events that are perceived to have brought social and financial benefits to their area, like Salamanca market and the Taste of Tasmania, could be examined within their communities to determine what value or benefits they are perceived to hold for members of that community and whether these events are sustainable over a long period of time.

This research has been developed through a series of observations that are etched with memories and experiences specific to my life experiences and inclusive of my gender, age culture and class. Future research could in fact include this same study

repeated several times with a diverse range of people. This strategy would provide a fascinating insight, not only in what is revealed about Sullivans Cove from different wells of knowledge, but also into the possibilities one location can reveal through the discipline of cultural geography.

I have now traversed this landscape through the elements of the weather and the elusiveness of time to write of this place through an experience of the senses. It has revealed much more than what may seem plain and ordinary before our eyes. In the life of these streets I have found a cosmopolis of co-existence that feeds the construction of a civil society. I have learned of the activity of the people and the details of the buildings that work to bind them all together. It was from the lofts of the artists' studios from where this vigour emerged and it is from this same energy where the future of this place will be sought. I move to share my new found knowledge with the actors and planners of these spaces and await, watching from the corners, the changes that are to come.

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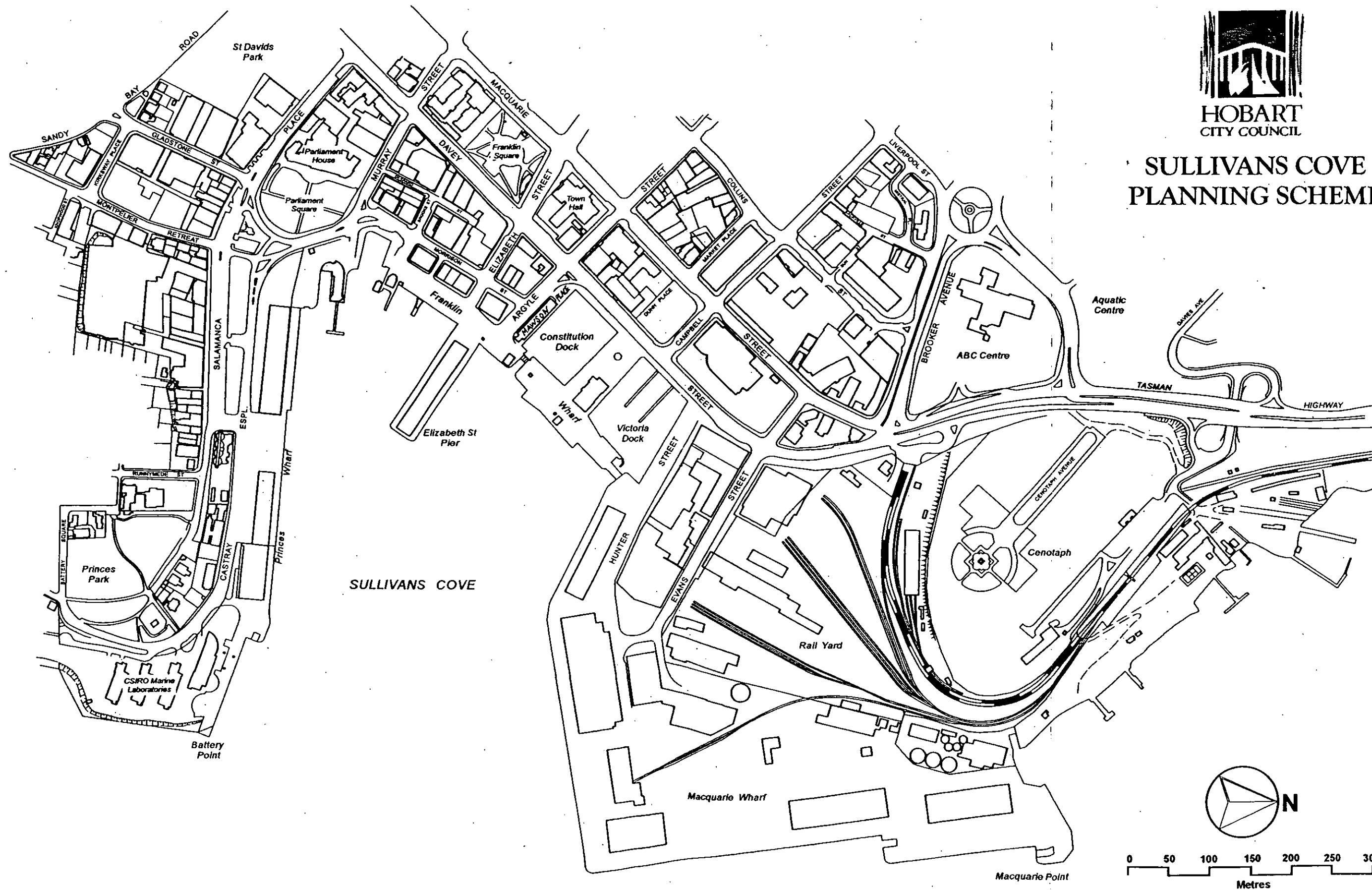
Appendix

Appendix 1.1 Map of Sullivans Cove (Hobart City Council)	65
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HOBART
CITY COUNCIL

SULLIVANS COVE PLANNING SCHEME



R I V E R D E R W E N T

Appendix 1.1

SULLIVANS COVE